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SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1901.

THE FIRST EASTER OF A NEW CENTURY.

"If ghosts of women dead these centuries
Steal back to earth,
Then verily last night one talked to me
Upon my hearth."

Not in words; it was her fathomless eyes that told in the "pathetic minor of tones liquid with tears" the dim mystery of womanhood in far-off zones, and far-distant years. From the time of Eve they passed in silent review, wearing the trammels of superstition and slavery, fettered by the shackles they were powerless to loose, lifting impotent hands. But there came a break; a ray of light illumines the darkness so revealed. It is the light of a perfect day—the most perfect the world ever knew—the glory of "a light that never shone in land or sea" is over the Judean hills. The early dawn of a spring morning in Palestine, where the brilliancy of coloring blended with the "deep tenderness of the far-away hill purples." Early as it is there are three figures to be seen, three women walking silently but hurriedly along the "Via Dolorosa." They are carrying sweet spices, and are hastening towards a sepulchre. A thought troubles them, and they ask each other anxiously, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" As they near the sacred spot they find the sepulchre standing open; the stone, which was very great, had been rolled away, and an angelic being hails them with blessed words of hope and comfort.

That was twenty centuries ago, and the stone that was rolled away for woman that day by the power of a resurrected Saviour has been so ever since. He that went before them into Galilee has gone before them into all the world, and wherever the Gospel of the Christ is preached the shackles of woman are being struck off. She stands today in the dawn of a new century with no barrier before her; not only is she free to go and achieve whatever it is in her power to, but man—her ancient tyrant—is now ready to aid her, to roll the stone away, and to help her in the upward climb. And as she stands in the light of the first Easter of a new century, serene, commanding, gracious, and sees almost limitless power and privileges spread before her, sees herself the queen of home, church, society—uling royally wherever she wills. Let her grateful thought go out to the matchless Galilean, who twenty centuries ago gave His life that woman might be resurrected from her living tomb; and let her also give a pitying thought or two to those women for centuries dead who can live not in the dawn of the Twentieth Century Easter-tide.

"O woman! fitly robed at last and crowned
With dignity,
Walking with lifted head your chosen round,
Unfettered, free!
The barbarous traditions of the past
Loosed from your feet;
Life's richest goblet held to you at last,
Brimming and sweet—
Forget not those for whom—too late, alas!
Dawn flushed the sky."

This is Easter Sunday. The last of another Lent has been witnessed, and the sombre social world will now gaily emerge from its forty days' retirement. Easter is always a day that arouses pious feelings of joy and gratitude in the

breasts of the good and gofly, and emotions of gladness and anticipation in the breasts of those who expect to come forth, like Solomon in all his glory, arrayed—as a fashion plate. There will be finery and flowers, sunshine and smiles, and perhaps a little rain—because we always need it. Easter Sunday, however, is one of the prettiest and most universally observed holidays in Christendom, and everybody who doesn't know that it is the anniversary of Christ's resurrection shows he doesn't read the class of literature he should. The Chat hopes all its readers will enjoy this Easter, and that everyone will have a new bonnet.

The people will be proud of the success of the Elks' carnival, for it is to be the most pretentious and elaborate thing of its kind ever undertaken in Southwest Kentucky. It will draw thousands of visitors to our attractive city, and each and every one of them will help to spread her fair fame abroad. Each will return home aglow with wonder, satisfaction and happiness, and every citizen will reap his share of the good results. The Elks have started out to make it a success. Let everybody contribute his mite of assistance. Talk it up; write to your friends about it, and there will be no regrets.

When Paducah gets more brick streets, a college or two, a new city hospital, and several other things she needs—and is going to have when her council wakes up—she will really be in the first class, without any process of law.

Cardinal Gibbons is to preach the sermon at the dedication in June, 1902, of the Westminster Cathedral which English Catholics have been building for several years in London.

If the Chinese don't watch out they will fall victims to that epidemic of benevolent assimilation that has lately appeared in America, Cuba, the Philippines and South Africa.

It is hard to tell which Paducah most needs—streets for the sprinklers or sprinklers for the streets.

The latest, social, local and foreign news will always be found in The Chat.

Good morning! Of course you have read The Chat.

The handsome bonnets; the depleted purses!

Will the gander get you this morning?

OUR EASTER BRIDES.

We read each year the same report,
The growers' dreadful plight,
And how the frost has ruined all
The oranges in sight.

But though this happens every time
The weather takes a drop,
It never seems to harm at all
The orange-blossom crop.

—(Judge's Library.)



PHILANDER C. KNOX.
President McKinley's new Attorney General.

Two Things NEEDED

By REV. W. H. PINKERTON.

What do we need as Christian workers in Paducah? Two things above everything else. What are they—time and opportunity? No. We have more time than ability to improve that time.

I see men in the world, my friends, who can do in one day more than I can do in two. I have time enough; that is not the trouble. And so far as opportunities, they are so numerous that the mind is confused in an effort to make choice, for opportunities, like time and money, must be used economically. Well, is it energy and inclination that we need? I think not. Too many people come to me and ask what they can do, and seek direction, for me to believe unwillingness or disinclination is the trouble; and I find people troubled with a nervous restlessness which indicates restrained energy rather than lack of energy. Is it money and liberality? No. We have more money than we righteously use, and the liberality of our people is in fair proportion to our means and the work we really undertake to do. What, then? I would answer: A broad and lofty conception of Christian activity and spiritual power. Our conceptions of the work needed is too narrow. We think we are working when in fact we are only taking a little spiritual exercise. We think we are building a mansion when in fact it is only a playhouse. We think we are raising the dead when in fact we are tickling a sleeper with a straw. We have only started to the field to work, but have not gotten there yet. We are digging for the foundation, but have not begun to build. We are whispering, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead," but we must speak with the voice of thunder and the quickening power of the Christ-life if the dead in sin awake to righteousness.

To illustrate: Look at our Sunday-school work. Some people think if they have been to church on Sunday and heard a sermon, that answers the purpose for them. They do not need to systematically study the Bible, nor to work out its teachings in life. Well, if that view is correct, a medical student can attend "lectures" and be a doctor without ever using textbooks, entering a dissecting-room or clinic. Such a student would make a first-class quack, but a very poor doctor, and I am afraid there is a good deal of quackery in the religious profession.

When we enter the average Sunday-school what do we find? Children assorted into classes according to size, with teachers before them who the night before looked over the lesson, reading text and comment in the quarterly; the teachers asking questions printed in the quarterly, and the pupil reading answer from lesson leaf. This, with a few songs and a prayer, concludes the Sunday-school work of each week. Bear in mind, I am not speaking of any particular school, but I expect we can all see ourselves in this mirror, if to some of us the features do seem distorted.

The time is coming when, in Paducah, the Sunday-schools will be as systematically graded as our city public schools, and teachers as specialists stand before their classes to do work according to their grade. Every teacher will be required to make special preparation in the teachers' meeting, and the teachers' meeting will be graded, with a specialist as trainer for each grade, who devotes time and energy preparing for this teachers' drill. Then, aside from this, will be the regular normal training, which every teacher will receive.

This is no impractical vision; this work is all being done, in parts, in different schools.

You may think, dear reader, that this will require too much time for the average Christian, who is en-

EASTER

[Written Especially for The Chat.]

The glorious feast day of Easter, the greatest of all the glad year. In Heaven is welcomed with gladness; rejoicings in sphere upon sphere. The memory of sadness and sorrow o'er Christ's great suffering for man is banished, and hymns of rejoicing ring out o'er infinity's span.

The Cherubim sound the "Hosanna" which millions of voices proclaim; The Seraphim cry "Alleluia! all glory and power to Thy name." The Thrones are exultant with fervor, the Powers in perfect accord, And harmony reigns universal in praising the glorified Lord.

The "Magnificat," hymn of the ages, is tuned by the heavenly choir; The "Regina Caeli" as ever is powerful all souls to inspire. Its echo is caught by earth's mortals as its sound leaves the heavenly shore.

And Mary the Mother of Jesus bears the title of Queen evermore.

She is paid now the homage of Mother, of Queen and of Virgin most pure, Since Jesus her Son rose in glory, man's right to salvation insure. An infinite sacrifice ransomed the soul in its agonized cry; Now multitudes join in proclaiming the glory of God, the Most High.

But the joy of the Christ o'er the greetings that Heavenly spirits impart Falls short of the pleasure afforded by the offering of mankind's pure heart.

For this hath the Calvary summit been witness of death most sublime; For this hath He risen triumphant, the master of Death for all time!

Since some of our Lord's dearest treasures in the hearts of frail mortals have birth,

The Heavenly spirits are guarding the thoughts of their loved ones on Earth.

They come to them softly in silence, they whisper so sweetly and say, "God wills himself debtor to mortals who give Him their hearts Easter Day."

—K. M. D.

gaged in business, or working for a living, but let me assure you this work is being done in our larger cities by the busiest people in business and clerical circles. And, although you may not believe it, nevertheless it is true, when you find time for this work you will find you have more time for your private work and business. The secrets of economy are learned in the busy rush of life.

Who have these large views of Christian activity and spiritual power and strength to do the work they see possible and needed? "They that wait upon the Lord." How wait upon him? Watch for the indications of providence; wait upon Him as a servant serves and waits upon his master. Jesus' ministry to men will indicate what your Lord would have you do. Wait upon him in earnest prayer and you "shall renew your

strength," and not only so, but you shall "mount upon wings as eagles," and within the enlarged horizon you will discover the enlarged conceptions of life of which we have been writing.

You shall run and not be wearied. You will learn to see and do quickly that which it now takes you weeks to make up your mind to do and gets you into a wearying fret before you act at all. You will find strength to plod like the ox, which "when he is weary treads surest," and carry loads and draw with you resisting burdens. Not by mere human wisdom or strength or might, but by My spirit, sayeth the Lord.

Men, like stars, owe their radiance to a face they see in a world of brighter day than that in which they shine. So, too, Christians derive their strength from a source hidden from human eyes.

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